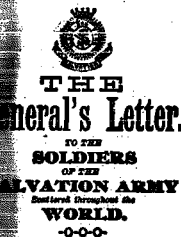


AVIL.—GOING TOO FAST.



General's Letter.
TO THE
SOLDIERS
OF THE
SALVATION ARMY
Scattered throughout the
WORLD.
—O—O—O—
My dear comrades,
They say we go too fast. This
is brought against us in all
places. Our enemy's do not like our
speed. Our friends are afraid of it.
But they mean? I am little proud
to know.
They had complained that we did
not go fast enough, I could understand
that. For *they* had expected that
all we say about the evils of sin,
the errors of the Judgment Day and
the punishment of hell, we do not believe
in things outside, or we should
be anything and spend everything and
toil and pray all night and all
day. We spread ourselves everywhere
in the midst of the unchristian
and ungodly nations. I could under-
stand, and feel humbled under the
weight of it.
My dear friends came together and said,
"Don't you increase the speed?
The dying millions at home and
abroad. You have evidently got a won-
derful way of reaching the masses. You
accomplished what no other man
could. You can make them repent
and repent and fight and give and
win. You can adapt your words
to all peoples and countries and
times. Why don't you push on faster?
More Cadets—build more Depots—
send out more Officers—and with
them—hunt up more criminals and
fallen women? Go faster; more
eager! We will help you. We
will give you. We will publish
your principles, build your
depots, and give you our children
—for God's sake—and for
the sake of a dying world! Go on!"
This seems to me would be the
way of talking for both foes and
friends. Anyhow, the latter describes
the work I should have felt and acted
upon as a soldier and fallen in with
the Salvation Army.
And I cry it is not "Go faster!"
"Go on too fast!" What do they
mean? I am a good thing and
I am going to stay with safety the bet-
ter.
I reckoned good in travelling. I
am a Flying Detachment, or "Flying
Army." I am any other kind of flying
train that goes fast enough for
time is so precious that unless it
spends in sleeping or working,
it is lost. It is in the hands of my
comrades. I seat myself in a train
on my journey long or short—is, "Now
driver, do your best, and fly."
I am reckoned good in money-making.
Who would complain of it in us if
we are a Limited Liability Company
and we are going to make gold mine or
some gold mine or any other
which manufactured gold rapidly?
Who would complain of our speed
in the Salvation Army and saving men,
all want to take three times as many
directors—to buy us up—vulgar

Salvation Army would put it. It is an
invitation to the Bible—to the teachers of
Christianity. The man must be an
evangelist who proposes it. I refuse to reply
to it.
If anyone still wants a reply, let him
ask the lost souls in hell whose brothers
and sisters are following them there.
Let him go and ask the Blood-washed
throng in Heaven, whose eyes are wide
awake at last, to the value of Salvation.
Let him anticipate the Judgment day,
and in spirit stand before the Throne and
propose, if he dare, the question to Him
who sits there. Methinks from hell
and Heaven, and from the Great White
Throne the answer would come back
"More speed go faster!" If it should
ant the stopping of legislation, pleasure
business, war, and all the employments
and occupation of time, push forward!
Hurry onward! Save the world!
"But there is danger with great speed,"
Well, perhaps there is, but that is not
certain and if there is I decline to abate
the speed to avoid the risk. If this thing
is worth doing let us do it with all our
might. "But if you go on the smash
will come." Well, perhaps it will. Per-
haps God will let the devil and those
who help him smash the Christians. They
were hounded and slanders and riots and
injuries terminating with the Crucifixion
then, and a great number looked on and
said, "It told 'y' so!" And if they smother
the Salvation Army there will also be a
great number looking on and telling them
to do it and saying the same thing.
But, my comrades, there are not very

See how wickedness spreads. Talk about
a prairie fire—it is nothing to it! How
it does everything before it!
Does Salvation keep pace with the in-
crease of population? Make the calculation
in your most favored Christian
cities and you will find we are terribly
behind in the race.
Do we keep pace with the devils in
sordid and cunning ways?
Do we go as fast as death? Is he not
always stealing a march on us.
Oh, say no more! We'll close our
eyes, my comrades, to this cold unfeeling
stomach-lacerating utterance of belief.
Let us go on faster!
We must increase the speed if we are
to keep pace with the yearnings of the
Almighty heart of love that would have
all men to be saved.
We must go faster if we are to have a
hand in the fulfillment of the prophecies.
Read the sixth chapter of Isaiah and
think of the speed that must be reached
before all that comes true.
We must go faster if we would wipe
out reproach and stop the taunts of the
mocking infidels, who are ever asking for
living proof of God's existence.
We must increase our pace before our
own prayers are unanswered, our own ex-
pectations realised, our own relations con-
verted, and our own consistency proved.
My comrades, the General issues the
command to every Country, and to every
Division and to every Corps, and to every
Soldier to advance. The pace of the
past is to be no standard for the future.

Preaching Tobacco
Gospel.

He came to our meeting—prayed,
announced, testified—a front seat saint.
Next day I saw him walking with some
worldly friends along the crowded street.
A big cigar—fire and smoke—a tobacco
volcano. I asked him why he wasn't
wearing goggles.
"Oh, the doctor told me to smoke."
"How convenient! Did the doctor
tell you to smoke while out on your even-
ing walk, where you will be teaching the
filthy habit to hundreds of boys?"
"Only as a medicine."
"Why don't you make an equally pub-
lic display of your pill-box? Your Gospel
light shines before a hundred people in
the meeting, and your tobacco light
shines before a thousand in the street.
Has the smoke blinded you?"
BEWARE OF THE MEDICINE DEVIL!

"Do you remember some time ago
asking a big man in Watwood Road
whether he was saved?" said a Soldier
to an Officer lately. "He can't shake
the words off, for he has told me fre-
quently about the matter." Halloo! Hal-
loo! But of course he can't throw off what
he cannot keep, for "the seed is the
Word," and "the Word of God endureth
for ever!"

Haste away to Jesus
Now.

Text—"Christians Marries"

What are your people doing here?
Who is your eternal King?
Are you serving God with all your heart,
When you His promises sign?

If not, then come to Jesus now.
No longer make delay;
Come on you are your Saviour says,
There is no other way.
Come as you are your Saviour says,
There is no other way.

Or are you serving Satan still?
Do you love him so well?
As to let him drag your precious soul,
Straight downwards to hell.

Stop! sinner, stop! just where you are.
For you are on the brink
Of hell, oh, God that dreadful hell
Into which you will sink.

Give up your wicked sinful ways
From now and start afresh
Then you can sing God's praises with
A pure and holy heart.

Then you can join our singing band
And sing with might and main
All glory to our blessed Lord
That was for sinners slain.

Fire Proved
Devil Proof!

Why should we fight? Some may
say. Well, it seems very evident to me
that we must either conquer or be con-
quered, simply because there is a real
opposing force—a kingdom governed by
an entirely opposite power to that which
we are governed by, bent upon conquer-
ing us, bringing us under its influence,
making us its subjects, enforcing us to
obey its laws, fight its battles, share its
tribulations, victories and defeats, bear
all the burdens which are incurred in its
service, and eventually die in despair, a
slave without hope of freedom. Now if
we don't fight for liberty and right, we
shall be placed into the enemy's ac-
cise; but if we resist, the enemy must
die and we victorious.

I don't need to explain what the op-
posing force is, you know, and you have
its expression; you struggled against it,
you got free, free indeed, and now you
are under another flag, the flag of Cal-
vary, the flag of victory, the banner of
love and peace—but if you would keep
free you must fight, for it is a real war-
fare.

WE MUST HAVE MORE SOLDIERS, more
warriors, dare-devil men and women.
Our numbers are small in proportion to
the enemy's, and although we are able
to stand our ground, and uphold our
standard, we cannot cut that a complete
victory. We must not only rout the
enemy, but capture the spoils, set every
slave free.

Make them our Soldiers,
give them new weapons, teach them to
fight with us, and thus come off "more
than conquerors."
But we must be drilled for this bat-
tle. "One shall chase a thousand, and
two shall put ten thousand to flight."
Yes! two what? You know you
men? I think not, if I am not mistaken,
it means

Holy Ghost Drilled Soldiers,
Fire-proof, devil-proof men and women.
That's the drill; now we've got it—Fire-
proof, tried by fire, tested—TRUE.
Have you been through this drill? If
not you are not quite ready to make a
charge—not devil-proof. Don't rush
into the battle unprepared; how foolish!
themselves to it, and when the smoke
is the thick of the fight, they and the
devil's fire too hot for them. They have
some earthly considerations, desires, am-
bitions; their works are the flesh,
they trust in their own strength, the en-
emy's darts pierce them, they fall and die
on the battle field. If they had

Gone thro' the Fire
which burned up the dross and maelstrom
of the flesh, they had "the mind of Christ
and the sin which so easily beset
them," given up all desire for worldly
ease and pleasure; had they but cruci-
fied the flesh, had all the sin which be-
come a living sacrifice, and determined to
seek first the Kingdom of God and
the righteousness, and live to fight God's
holy battles in His strength—with the
whole armor on, they would have con-
quered.

Gained a Glorious Victory.
How much matter they would have
been, and they gone through the fire.
What a lot there was to be burned up
before they could be pure metal, proved,
tried, trustworthy. It wasn't a big man
that killed the giant, it was only a strip-
ling, but yet a bit of true fire-proof
steel; not quantity but quality. So it
is with us; the victory does not depend
upon our abilities, education, gifts, money,
courage, zeal and numbers only, but
upon our Holiness or wholeheartedness.

Our Power is Purity,
our strength is God. Get this power and
all other things will be added.
Some men want more numbers to
make them a trustworthy force. How
much depends upon them; the victory
or defeat, a Kingdom's honor, a world's
freedom. What confidence is placed in
them, how they are trusted; then how
important it is that they should be
drilled, in that when on the battle-
field, they will not be found wanting in
fidelity and true devotion to their King
and Cause, but true as steel, real war-
riors.

Salvation Army Blood
running through their veins.
If you are to be a Legion, divinely
commissioned, you must have this same

Only a little pebble, but it did its work.

David had unhesitating confidence in his God. Some laughed
At the idea of his slaying the giant, but nevertheless
in the strength of the King he did it
and had the reward.



SLAYING THE GIANT.

striking sign of this terrible danger.
For every man we have seen on pay-
ing our debts, breaking up and taking
possession of new ground, and holding it
when occupied; and, thank God we are
more closely bound together—more
wrapped up to the spirit of sympathy and
loyalty to-day than ever we were before.
But is our speed too great after all?
Is not all this talk a delusion? Speed is
a comparative thing, and the correctness
of the estimate depends upon the stand-
ard you measure by. The case is in the
rapid conversion compared with old Chris-
tian's case, but it is very slow when put
alongside a royal example.
What do our detractors measure us by?
Anyhow, I object to be measured by the
standard of the carrier's cart.
Does Salvation travel as fast as sin?

We must go faster, Obstacles, difficul-
ties, and enemies shall be swept before us,
and the mouths of those who con-
demn us shall be for ever stopped before
the Lord.
Your General for the leadership of the
advances.
WILLIAM BOOTH.

I am glad to hear that two Soldiers
who cannot speak Italian, belonging to
the Grecian Corps, go to the Italian
meetings regularly in order to be de-
scribed in the house of God, or do any-
thing they can to help in keeping order,
or any other way possible. I am sure
that God will reward their self-denial
and give them a special blessing to their
goals in doing this work for life sake.

Staff-Capt. Vint says that one of the
Italians recently served at the Sala In-
diana, 20 Baker's Row, Warner Street,
Oxford Street, had of his own accord
left selling ice-cream on Sundays. As he
does this to honor God, God honors him
him by having him more customers now
in the six days than he used to get in
seven.

BROUGHAM—Fisking Outpost.

Victory through the Blood of Jesus.
This
work has indeed been one of victory. Hard
fighting at our meetings, men and women
badly wounded. One dear brother yielded
himself to be cured by the

Great Physician,
and was not disappointed. The cure has been
effected, and he is rejoicing in a new life in
Christ Jesus.
We are believing for a mighty smash, blast the
Lord. In the strength of King Jesus we are
bound to drive the devil.
Capt. Ronan, Cadet Wadda.

**VICTORY AT MIDLAND.
THE DEVIL IN A RAGE.
BUT JESUS SAVES.**

Some when they saw the children coming (thought it not right, but in three cases it was the child that led the parents. 1st. An old man said all his life he had served the enemy. His child had been to Jesus and gave his father no peace till he came. 2nd. A mother, while in the meeting, saw her boy standing in the aisle and sent word for him either to go home or sit 'down, but he said I want to go to Jesus, and he did: his mother soon followed. 3rd. A father who said he had three children in heaven, three more had made

the start, be thought it right for him when they set the example.

Many more victories, and Jesus still leading.

Capt. LANGTRY,
Cadet, Kinnear's.

SIMCOE.

All glory be to God for victory this past week.

Five Precious Souls

Sick of sin and the devil came to Jesus.
He saved them, and sent them on their way
rejoicing. Grand and glorious meetings all day
Sunday. The thrilling testimonies of the
Soldiers reached the sinners' hearts.

And Two Precious Souls

Volunteered out. One dear brother said
"could not stand it any longer, as an ungodly
man, I am my Saviour, washed my sins away,"
Jesus to his feet tears rolling down his face.

his brother had been praying for him for some time, they threw their arms around each other and wept bitterly, it was a very touching scene. Cadet Matthews, for Captain Maxson, Lieutenant Lack.

NEWMARKET.

Victory! Victory! Victory! On our route

Home from the

Captain our sergeant reported one soul, Tuesday night. Wednesday afternoon had meeting at

Poor-House

and one dear old man gave God his heart

Thursday ought had a popular
Pop Up
meeting, and the devil wonders what next. All day Sunday found us pleading with God for soul, and we know that his ear is not heavy; that he cannot hear.

Three Precious Souls
was the result and believing for lots more.
Lieut. Kemp, for Capt Russell and Cadet Johnston.

Barracks Wanted.

We are still in want of more Barrack accommodation all over the Dominion, in every town and village.

Many of our Soldiers and friends could help me very much if they would get sharp took-out for buildings likely to suit such as old churches, skating rinks, warehouses, cellars, cellars, circuses, markets, or warehouses, and immediately on hearing of such premises to write at once, with an information which can be got to

The Commissioner,
Property Department
222 Queen Street West,
Toronto, Ont.

OFFICERS LOOK.

Please put enough postage on your letters. It costs some time \$2.00 per week for extra postage, whereas another cent or a few letters when you send them would save this, and thus prevent this waste of God's money.

ATTENTION!

The Salvation Army note paper and envelopes are now ready. It is simply one dollar—see you get it. One dollar per package.

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